

# First Strike

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Summary: New Spartans must be found to save planet Earth.

## 1. Chapter 1

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### First Strike

In the year 2541, the U.N.S.C had ordered a search for seventy five of the universes' most healthy and skilled children. This was deemed top secret by earth's most powerful leaders. The project was not to be spoken about to or from any one. This search of children was made so that the U.N.S.C's best drill sergeants and who ever else could train them to do what super solders do, survive and kill. They were to be trained to use their brains and not their instinct. After their training the children should be around the age of ten to twelve. The children will be chosen and picked up around the age of five to seven. Before the training and the picking up of the children, the organizer of the huge project named the project Spartan.

"Journal log, November 17, 2541 on-way to planet Norion six.

Subjects: Thoms, Randy, Sprague, Jason. Ages: Randy-six, Jason-six."

"Colonel Mendez, why was I assigned to come along on this mission to protect you and these children? Why me? " This came from the calm but nervous corporal Hall. Colonel Mendez was a very political leader and a world known genius in the fields of science and bio-chemistry. She was chosen to select all of the children through a roster of one-hundred and ten advanced children. She chose seventy five of those kids who were the best of the one-ten.

She turned to the corporal and said "Corporal, I chose you because of your military records. You have flown in to over twenty-three battles and engaged the covenant on all kinds of terrain. I chose you because you and I both know that you can keep a secret." She turned back to her computer monitors and left the Corporal with a very astonished look on his face. She continued to scroll through the two boys

profiles. From the way the corporal saw the colonel squirming all around, Hall figured that the two profiles must have been exceedingly good. Becoming interested in what the colonel was moving about for, the corporal wanted to see what was so good about the files. He peeked over her shoulder and saw the screens.

To his surprise the children's records were almost impossible to believe. From what he saw it seemed as though the children had a near same length of his, but only without the years of battle experience, being shot, and all the medals awarded. Colonel Mendez was allowing the corporal his brief moment of shock to dissipate. She then said "So what do you think? Impressed?" Corporal Hall nearly jumped out of his shoes. "Sorry sir, I didn't mean to look in on the files I was just curious as to what you were looking at that made you squirm so much. Also I was auspicious as to why these two and the other three are more important than the others." Corporal Hall looked as white as a ghost. Mendez turned around. Hall noticed a smile on her face and that she was being a lot less strict than most colonels would be. "Usually for intruding in on something like this a colonel would have the corporals stripes removed and his hair shaved off."

Nearly seven hours later, the colonel and corporal arrived on Norion six. Colonel Mendez stepped off the inter-galactic cruiser and had changed into some civilian clothing. She was dressed as a mid-aged house wife. Corporal Hall thought it inappropriate to be out of uniform on missions but did as he was told seeing as Colonel Mendez was a higher ranking officer than himself. The two of them walked over to the school playground. Mendez turned to Hall and said "We are looking for two little boys, they both have brown hair. They should be near each other and should be showing off. Only on account that the two of them can do so many things a normal six year old couldn't." Hall looked very un-comfortable. He turned to the colonel and said "Sir, I think it would be best if I stay near the ship to make sure no one goes near it, don't you?" Mendez looked at Hall and said "Are you psychic?" Hall stood there for a minute and looked at the ground. He then realized what she had meant and said something inaudible. Hall turned around and walked toward the ship.

Mendez continued on walking toward a hill where a group of fifteen or sixteen boys, looked like they were playing king of the hill. Atop the hill were two boys. The two boys were being ganged on by the other boys who had rocks and sticks. Mendez had a look on her face that every mother has when some one hurts or insults their child in front of them. But what really amazed Mendez was what happened next.

All of the children started to slowly walk towards the two boys on the top of the hill. From Mendez' observation of the two boys on top, they weren't scared, they were smiling. The two looked at each other and turned back. One of the children with a stick took a vicious swing toward the taller child but he leaned back and the stick missed him by what seemed inches. When the stick came back the taller kid grabbed the stick with ease. The blow that stick could have dealt would have broken the child's head right open. A second after grabbing the stick, the child punched the kid with the stick in the nose. From where Mendez was standing, Mendez could hear the child's nose break at least twice. The kid seemed to have the strength of some one who could bench two-hundred pounds with one hand.

The shorter of the two kids had his own problems to deal with. When he heard the taller one break the other boy's nose, Mendez could swear she heard the shorter one say "Good Job!" The child leaned to his right and dodged a decent size rock that would have definitely hit him in the temple. He took a nearby kids wrist and twisted it until it popped. Then when it popped he pulled hard on it to tear the muscles and then he punched the boy in the middle of the chest. The child did not get up while Colonel Mendez was present. Mendez had a very wide smile on her face and only had pity for the rest of the children.

In a matter of four to five minutes, all the rest of the boys were taken down. Mendez walked over to the mound of the hill and called over to the two boys. "Hey you two please come here." The boys looked as if that knew that they were going to be in a lot of trouble. When the two boys got down to her they both were in the middle of their apologies and were saying sorry nearly five times a second. Mendez said in the calmest voice a human has ever heard. "You two are not in trouble. Actually I think that you two did very good. Not many six year olds could have taken on that many kids and not have any marks on them after. Thirteen on two isn't really fair is it?" The boys shook their heads. The boys then were filled with joy and relief on the account that they weren't in trouble.

Mendez calmed the two boys down. She then said "Do you two want to play a game?" The boys nodded and said "We can't lose together we can do any thing you have for us to do." Mendez took out a silver coin. "On one side of this coin there is a head. On the other there is an eagle. The eagle has a plant in one talon and a set of three arrows in the other; do you know what the eagle means?" The taller of the two answered. "The plant means peace and the arrows mean war, did I win?" Mendez cracked a small smile and said "No, not yet. First I need to know your names if you don't mind." The taller one spoke first. "My name is Randy and this is my best friend Jason." Mendez looked around and motioned for Corporal Hall to start the ship up. "I'll see you two later okay?" The boys nodded and ran back to the playground.

Later that night, the two, Mendez and Hall walked over to the orphanage to the boys' window with the flash clones they made of the two boys. "Hey, boys!" whispered Mendez in an abrupt voice. Hall walked over to the window in a near noiseless walk. He looked into the window and saw the two sleeping. Hall pushed the window open and crawled inside the window. Hall looked around to make sure no grown people were around as a precaution. He motioned the two clone boys to crawl in the window after his clean sweep of the perimeter. The two boys climbed in and hid under the beds for now. "Boys, wake up" said Hall shaking the two sleeping children. "Is it morning already?" said an unaware Jason.

"Boys follow us okay were going to go now and we would like to know if you want to come. Will you come with us?" The two boys were too tired to notice so they both nodded their heads in agreement. "Can you walk?" Mendez asked in the most mother like way that she could. The Boys stood up and hopped out the window. Hall was still in the room. "I'll be there in a minute, go on I'll catch up." Mendez nodded and took the two real boys to the ship. Hall took the liberty of putting the two clones into the beds. After that Hall flew out the window closed the window very gently ran to the position the ship was place at.

Flash made clones are made of bio-medegradeable material. The clones will last for about four to five days then start to get the symptoms of a person with a cancer of the heart. The bodies will not feel pain but will start to lose a lot of energy over a matter of minutes. The clone's body will reject any medical care given to it. The clone will cough up blood by the liters, skin will start to crack and bleed. The hair of the clone will be completely fallen out by day three. The clone will groan as to the programming of the emotion chip in its head. By day four the clone will be bleeding from the nose, mouth, ears, and the eyes. The skin will start to peel like it wasn't even there. The massive amount of blood loss will be the death of these clones. The doctors of this entire county, will wonder what caused the death of these poor boys and decide to drop the investigation altogether. To this planet from now on Randy and Jason are dead.

On the ship Mendez and Hall secured the two boys into some seats took their position on the ships start up controls. "Fire up initial engines," "Firing", "Take us up twenty five thousand feet then fire rear thrusters". "Aye", Prepare for deep space slipstream in five, four, three, two, one, fire!" Mendez gave these orders and Corporal Hall obeyed them. After the transition into slipstream, Colonel Mendez and Corporal Hall strapped themselves then walked over to the two boys. Mendez looked at them like they were her own children. "Boys this ship will be your new home for about two days. We want you to feel comfortable in this ship. You are not to be prisoners we will let you walk around it but first a tour." The two boys and Mendez went on a tour of the ship to notify where the two boys will sleep, and where she and Corporal Hall would sleep. After the main tour she let the boys wander around the ship to find something to do for awhile. Mendez then returned to help the corporal with the flight control.

Randy and Jason both were walking around the ship and looked in on almost every room that was open. The first room they went in was the weight and exercise room. The two of them moved all around the room examining every bit of equipment there. They then spread apart and start to work out with the dumbbells. After a while the boys helped spot each other with a bench press. Then Randy went over to a treadmill and started running and Jason back to punching and fighting with five pound dumbbells in his hands and two and a half pound weights on his ankles.

After an hour or two the two boys left and closed the door. They started walking again and came upon a door with a biohazard sign on the door. Randy looked over to Jason and said "Hey you want to take a look?" Jason quickly said no and shook his head. "What if we get caught? I don't want to get in trouble. You know that we always get caught when doing this kind of stuff". Randy then said "You really want to wait out here by your self than check out what is in this room? Come on, three minutes? That's all I want is three, then we'll be right back out." Jason looked worried. "Okay but just three minutes, no more, no less. Come on." With that Jason pushed the door open and Randy followed.

When the two of them walked into the room each nearly screamed like the little girls they were deep down inside. What they saw were caskets. About twenty four caskets. These were filled with wires and cords and a couple with people. A casket with some one in it greeted the boys when they walked in. Jason screamed "Dead people! I knew it,

these people are crazy! Why did we come with these guys! They're going to knock us out and drown us and put us in one of these to use as a guinea pig! Come on lets go. I don't want to stay here any longer." Randy just stood there and looked around with a look of shock on his face. "Maybe these are used toâ€¦" The more Randy thought about it the more he couldn't come up with a good answer as to why this ship would need all of these caskets.

When Jason grabbed Randy's arm and started to drag him toward the door, it opened and Jason and Randy both gasped. Corporal Hall had opened the door and was standing there in the doorway. "Why, hello there. What may I ask are you doing in here? Wait let me guess, you wanted to know what was in here so you came in and now you wish you didn't. I hear you. Did the same thing myself when I was oh, rightly around the age of seventeen. Do you know what these tanks are and what they're for?

They are cryo-freezing tanks. They allow you to travel for months and months in slipstream and sleep the whole time. They liquidate you in this liquid that is rich in vitamins and minerals that your body needs to survive while these wires keep you alive. This big tube is the feeding tube. And this one is to keep a steady track of you're heart, brain and your other organs' activities." Jason and Randy stood there and listened for another ten to twelve minuets about how the tanks work, why they were made, why you cant wear any clothes while being cryo frozen and all other things dealing with every thing in that room.

Later that night the boys ate an I.R.M or "Instant-Ready-Meal". They worked out for another half an hour and then tumbled off to bed. Another day went by of mainly exercising and playing three games of chess that lasted for more than four hours each. The next morning Jason got up and woke Randy up to find that there was a set of marine issued trunk filled with uniforms, formal and a suit made for their size. When they were fully awake, a hologram turned on and spoke in a female voice. "Please put on a uniform, grab your trunks and meet Colonel Mendez on the bridge ASAP." Randy looked puzzled and asked the hologram "What is a 'bridge' and what does 'ASAP' mean?" The hologram explained these two things to the boys and then they got dressed.

The two of them grabbed their trunks and shoved their old clothes into them and dragged the trunks to the bridge. When the boys arrived, Mendez greeted them with a great big smile. "Boys', we'll be landing soon. Please find a seat and strap your selves in. Hall, please initiate sequence 4165 Alpha Scipio M62 please then full trust at forty-three degree's." A few seconds later she said "Now!" Hall tapped a few keys on the keyboards in front of him and every one jolted backwards. Soon after that Hall and Mendez steered the ship downwards. Jason and Randy both were feeling gravity pull their faces to the back wall. Jason squealed in a small voice "I think my brain is on the control things behind us."

Mendez pushed a sequence of buttons and the ship slowed dramatically almost to a dime stop. It leveled out and landed. "Ladies and gentleman welcome to the planet Reach." Mendez said with her stewardess like voice. "Please step off the service ramp and on to the beautiful ground." Everyone laughed and got up to walk off of the ship. When every one was off, they all looked around and breathed in the good mid summer air. "Miss Mendez, where are we and why are we

here?" This came from a quiet Randy. "Son, we are on your new home. Reach. This facility is used to research and design some of the most top secret technology the planet earth can provide. Also to train some of the worlds finest soldiers to take a step on a battle field. It is this way to the base, boys and lady."

Corporal Hall walked Colonel Mendez and the two boys over to a large building. "Well this is where we have to leave you boys." said an almost sad Mendez. "Just give me a few minutes to talk to the Sergeant about your stay. Well be back in a couple weeks okay." After that, the boys stood there and watched Mendez talk to the sergeant. Randy looked to Jason and said "Do you think that she will be coming back in a couple weeks or a couple months?" Jason just looked at him and shook his head in equal un-awareness.

"Sergeant, I want these boys treated the same as the rest, even though these boys and a few others I have already talked to you about. If I get a report stating otherwise that you're siding with or against any of these children you will be court-marshaled and fined." The sergeant had a look of discomfort. "Sir, I wouldn't dream in a million years that I, he put an emphasis on I, would treat any child with a higher respect or a tendency to treat others with a harsher disregard than any other." Mendez looked at the sergeant with a look of trust.

Mendez and Hall had started to head back to the ship. When Mendez and Hall were half way to the door Jason shouted out "Goodbye Miss Mendez." Mendez turned around, waved and walked faster toward the ship. Hall jogged to the ship and closed the walking ramp. On the ship Mendez ran to her room after giving orders to the ships A.I to launch off and head to another near by facility. Mendez sat on her cot and started crying even though she didn't even know why.

Back on the ground, the boys were watching the ship fly away. "Boys, report to the barracks and change into a plain white t-shirt and a pair of camouflage training pants. Find your bed with your trunks. This will be your new home for about six to seven years get used to it. Now get going." With these orders the boys moved over to the sleeping hanger. The two of them were lucky enough to find their beds together as to the fact that they were bunk beds. "I got to bunk" said a happy Jason. The two of them got into their trunks and got the clothes to get changed into. Once changed, the two of them started to head out. They both noticed the numerous amounts of bunks there in the hanger. They ran down the isles and counted seventy-six bunks. The boys rand to the door and met the sergeant standing there.

"Hello gentleman. Now that you are changed, would you please follow me to the training facility?" They both said "Yes sir!" The sergeant laughed and said, "You won't have to do that till tomorrow. Which, I'll explain to you after our little exercise today." Randy and Jason looked intrigued as to what this exercise was. When the sergeant and the two boys arrived, there were about eighty children standing there. "Get in to separate lines, five people to a line and fifteen lines. You will perform a group exercised effort to ring three bells. These bells are at the top of three poles. The lowest pole's bell is about thirty-five feet above the ground. The second stands around fifty feet. The third sits about seventy-five feet above the ground. The losers of this little challenge will not be eating tonight." With this being said the children split into groups.

Randy and Jason got into a group along with kids named Chris, Michelle, and Jesse. "Hi, my name's Chris. I may not look like much but I can fly. I can run to the poles and save our spot for the first bell." Jason and Randy looked at him and nodded. The one named Michelle was huge. She was taller than any of the other members of the group. She started to tell every one what she could do. "I can go as fast as Chris. You'll see."

Michelle finished this and Jason noticed Jesse. Jesse wasn't exactly different to the eye. Jason walked over to him and asked "So what can you do? Not to be mean or sadistic." Jesse ran all around attempting to make as much noise as possible. The only thing that wasn't happening was the noise that everyone else should have of been hearing. Jesse walked back to the group. "I can't make noise. I don't know why. Every step I take its like I didn't. I may be a little, mind you; overweight but I do not make noise. I could hit four metal pans, knock them over, and have them hit a metallic floor and not one noise will be heard. It's a curse." Randy was listening and just looked at every one and said one word. "Wow."

The sergeant wrote down every one in the teams down on his clip board as to keep these people in a well respected set of groups for different stations. There were twenty stations all together and fifteen teams. The sergeant stopped and started to say some thing. "Look around you. Who is in your group? You will be in these groups for almost the entirety of your long stay here. Get to know these other people. They are your family as are the rest of this whole gathering of you people. Now, when on the count of three I want your first member to go and then the rest on the count after. So, one, the first member goes, two the second, three the rest of you."

The sergeant said this and the groups got ready. Chris got in the front followed by Michelle. Randy, Jason and Jesse, being more bulky, got toward the back. "One," On that note, no one noticed that Chris had taken off. "Two," Jason started to run off toward the pole. When he was half way the sergeant shouted "Three". When the last syllables were heard, all that could be heard was a bunch of children huffing and puffing to get to the pole first. Chris was already at the pole with Michelle when they saw about sixty kids rush at them. Michelle stayed down and blocked and fought the other kids while Chris started to go up to help the others get up when they got there. Almost two seconds after Chris was atop the pole, it seemed Randy and Jason was already half way up the pole. Chris hopped to the second pole and climbed up. Randy saw Jesse and Michelle on the ground now letting others attempt to climb up after them.

Randy hopped to the second pole and then to the third. He started to climb. Randy heard a bell ring and noticed it was Jason on the first pole. Then a minute later another bell rang. Randy looked over and saw Jason slide down the pole. He looked up and noticed another team climbing the second pole and pulling on Chris' legs as if to pull him and make him fall. Randy looked up and the third bell and jumped to the second pole to help his team mate. Randy started to climb fast. The first kid he met was bigger than him. Randy tugged on his foot and the foot came down and met his nose.

Randy regained his focus and climbed the opposite side of the pole, getting a good grip he reached around and started beating the other child's face in. The other kid let go and Chris looked at Randy with

a look of thanks and continued climbing. Chris rang the bell and the two of them slid down the pole knocking other kids down as they went.

On the ground Chris gave Randy a really meaningfully painful handshake. A painful handshake because of the blisters and on the two of their hands. Randy said, "It was nothing. I just saw you were in trouble. A team is supposed to watch their partners back at all times." When they started jogging back towards the starting line they notice the rest of their team there all bruised and bloody.

"What happened to you guys?" asked Chris. The others must not have noticed them because they looked surprised as to see them. Michelle looked at Chris and started to talk. "We're so sorry that those people got to you and hurt you but they really were starting to beat us up for not letting them by. One kicked me in the chest and I fell down. Then they all started to kick me." Jesse was on the ground gasping for air. Randy and Jason rushed over to him. "What happened to him?" they asked almost simultaneously. Michelle started to get more serious. "I don't know he wasn't doing that a minute ago." Randy looked to Jason. "He doesn't have asthma does he?" Chris spoke up. "No he don't he is my friend, we were picked up together on the Nexus planet. He doesn't have asthma that I know of. I used to have it as a little kid but it went away."

Michelle stood up and said "I'll go get the sergeant." She ran like light towards the serge. Jesse started to shake violently. A minute after Michelle left a medic showed up. "Has he been kicked any where near his kidney very hard?" Every shook their heads and had the look of "I don't know what your talking about" on their faces. "I need to get him to the infirmary." The medic said this and had another assistant help him take Jesse on a gurney to the infirmary. "Chris looked more worried than the rest. Michelle went over to him and gave him a great big hug, trying to assure him that Jesse would be ok.

The sergeant came over and looked at them. "I am sure he'll be ok. Straiten up I have something to tell all of you now that every child is here. The winners of this obstacle course are Randy, Jason, Chris, Michelle, and their partner and friend, Jesse. Jesse was injured in this incident but will recover. This team made it back in record time. Their time was six minutes and twenty four seconds. Even when I was here, my squad and I were the best there ever was. We broke and set that record to eight minutes and fifty three seconds. Every one give a round of applause for this team." Every one clapped and the sergeant started speaking again.

"Now as I said before you started, the losers will not be eating tonight. Louis, George, Marie, Dillon, and Clemens, you will not be eating tonight." The whole of that group groaned. Randy and Jason looked at each other, picked up Jesse, Michelle and Chris nodded in approval. Randy walked over to the sergeant and started to speak. "Um, Sir, my group and I will be willing to skip tonight's dinner and give it to them guy's. We aren't really hungry right now." The sergeant looked at him and started thinking. "I think if your whole group is willing to skip your meal you're more than welcome. You five will be expected to repay these troopers in some way or another." The sergeant finished this and Randy went back to his group. "All of you will have till six o'clock tonight. Then we will start our exercises. You are all dismissed.



Randy and Jason picked up Jesse and brought him to his bed. The five of them switched bunks with some kids and brought them nearer to Randy and Jason's. They laid Jesse down and sat there and talked to each other. Chris and Michelle sat on the same bed and started talking. Randy pointed at them started whispering stuff to Jason. "Look at those two. They could just manage to click together. You know like I did with Katie." Jason looked at Randy in confusion and asked "Who?" "You remember Katie, don't you? She was the girl that came over to our side of the orphanage and asked me out. We were tight. Like humans and air, one couldn't live without the other. Katie was adopted and that was the last I heard from her. I was depressed all that week." Jason said "Oh, her yeah. I liked her she was really nice. You think that those two could really click?" Randy looked at Jason with the look like 'you have to be kidding didn't you hear what I said?'

Michelle looked over and saw Randy pointing at Chris and her. "They really must be great friends to both be here. I mean I don't know any one here. You guys are the only ones who really wanted to talk with me or any thing. But you are the only one who really understands me." Chris looked at her and looked kind of like a shy turtle, sticking his head back in his shell. "I know how you feel, me and Jesse here were the only kids who knew any one in this place." Michelle reached over and grabbed one of Chris' hands. Chris looked like a very red cherry. "Haven't you ever had a girlfriend before?" Michelle said this and Chris looked even more embarrassed. He looked at Randy and Jason looking for support. He then looked back to Michelle. "I need some time to think. I am sorry. Ill get back to you tomorrow okay? You are very beautiful, smart and fast. But I am not sure I can really cope with this right now."

Chris said this and Randy smacked himself on the forehead. Chris got off the bed and walked over to his bed and went to bed. Michelle walked over to the bed Randy was sitting on and started talking to him. "Has he ever had a girlfriend? I mean because I really like him. I want to be with him but he seems so locked up. I think he likes me too but I can't be sure. We'll see tomorrow." Randy told her about how to get Chris loosened up. She gave him a hug and walked over to her bed, laid out clothes for tomorrow, and crawled into bed. Jason and Jesse were already sleeping. Randy lay in bed thinking of Katie. At around three o'clock he fell asleep.

At six, they were woken up. They were already dressed so they left to the yard. There, all the kids were in the groups they got into. The sergeant was standing in front of them. "Now I want all of you to run behind me, keep up, and say every word I say after I say it. Do you understand?" All the kids shouted "Sir, yes, Sir" The sergeant started jogging around the entire training facility. This total distance equals about nine and a half miles. The whole way the kids repeated every word the sergeant said. When the kids, and sergeant, returned to the starting point they stopped for a five minute break.

After the five minutes, the sergeant stood up and said, "Ok, get down and count with me!" The sergeant had started doing pushups. They did about one hundred and fifty. After, they did some sit-ups. They did two hundred sit-ups. After the exercises it was about ten o'clock at night. The sergeant stood up. He straitened up, and said, "Alright, you all will go to the bunker and get some rest. Be prepared for

tomorrows lessen. This lessen will be at o' eight-hundred.

All of the kids limped to the bunker all aching about anything that hurt. Randy, Chris, Michelle, Jesse, and Jason all went to sleep almost the instant they laid down on the bed. As uncomfortable as the beds were they seemed to be sleeping on clouds. Jesse got up and went to the bathroom. He lifted up his shirt. Dark blue and purple bruises were all over his chest and around his ribs. He got an ice-pack, grabbed a towel, rapped the ice pack in the towel and placed it on one of his many bruises. Hey turned around to head back to his bed. He jumped and nearly yelped. The sergeant was standing there with his hands behind his back.

Jesse started to whisper in apology. "I'm sorry sir. I had to use the necessities and my chest started hurting." The sergeant looked over to him and said, "Come here and lift your shirt." Jesse walked over and lifted his shirt. The sergeant looked at all of his bruises and marks. He felt Jesses' ribs as to make sure that nothing was broken. He checked his neck and spine. He then checked his arms just to make sure. "Son, you are a trooper. Why didn't you tell the medic about this?" Jesse just stood there, looked down and mumbled something inaudible. "What, I didn't catch that?" Jesse lifted his head and said, "I didn't tell the medic because I wanted to see if I could just take the pain and use it in the exercises, sir."

The sergeant took Jesse to the medic. Within minutes, all of Jesses' bruises were cleared up and he felt much better. "Thank you, sir." Jesse said this and ran off to the bunker. He got into bed, he smiled, felt his chest and fell off to sleep.

The next morning everyone was very sore. They were awoken at six o'clock. They got up, got dressed, and headed over to the learning building. When they got in there they all looked up. It was a huge circular room. In the middle of the room was an A.I. "Please have a seat ladies and gentlemen." All of the kids sat down were they were. Almost all of a sudden the whole room transformed into an open meadow. This, children, is a projection learning room. You will witness certain ages of earth and how people and animals hunted before the age of technology could even be thought of.

All of the students noticed a couple animals were approaching them. Almost all of the kids got up as if to run. Randy and Jason were still sitting. Chris, Michelle and Jesse noticed this and sat back down. The other kids ran. The animals ran after them. These animals were large. They walked and ran on all four legs. They had a lot of teeth and were very muscular. All of the children who ran all reached a wall and were being enclosed into a large group.

Randy, Jason, and the others got up and walked over to the big animals and started to laugh. All of the children who were being trapped by these huge beasts were all looking very frightened and confused as to why these five were laughing at them being chased and trapped. Randy was first to speak above the others. "Weren't you guys paying attention? These are just projections, holograms, that's it." They started laughing again.

A big child came up and socked Randy in the face as he was laughing. He looked back up and upper-cutted the boy in the chin. The boy went flying backwards and landed with a loud thud. All of the other kids looked at the big kid to Randy and back. The A.I. spoke with a loud

voice as to be able to reach the children's ears. Please stop fighting and come back. Subject 117 was right. Those animals were just holograms. Now please come back over here." All of the children walked back over to the spot where the A.I. was holographically standing. Now the fighting was unnecessary but, this was also expected.

The day went by with all of the children learning about how the wild cavemen fought and hunted for food. The animals were ancient wolves. Randy was fascinated by the huge animals. The way they moved, the way that they hunt, how they worked together. Randy loved them in almost every aspect except the fact that the wolves were about three and a half thousand years old.

About three and a half weeks went by. Every day had been going by the same way as the day before. All of the kids had gotten used to the soreness and bruises that had accumulated on almost every possible spot on everyone's body. Tomorrow was the day that Colonel Mendez was supposed to be visiting them. Every one was very excited, the most being Jason and Randy.

But for now the kids had their day off. Randy, Jason, Chris, Michelle, and Jesse all spent the most of the day near the shooting range to perfect their aims. Chris and Michelle were not yet boyfriend and girlfriend but were on a thin line to becoming them. They had done almost everything together. They held hands, shared meals, and were almost never separable. The only things that they haven't done, was kiss and other things.

Randy was shooting a .375 Colt Magnum with a two time variable scope. He shot almost perfect with this and the U.N.S.C. standard tactical sniper rifle containing a five times and a ten times variable zoom. This was most impressive. Chris, Jesse, and Michelle all were average with every thing but Jason was special.

Jason shot perfect with anything you gave him. Some of these weapons were a Shotgun, Sniper, M.A.B.5 Assault Rifle, Pistols, everything. One of the passing by soldiers noticed Jason shooting a pistol blind folded. He walked up to Jason and said, "Hey that is very dangerous!" He trailed off as Jason continued firing. Every bullet fired was impacting the dead center of the targets that moved five hundred yards away. He looked at the scoring monitor. Every shot was a perfect one hundred. Jason was given the M.A.B.5 and continued firing. He fired over and over again still getting perfect one hundred each bullet fired. The grown soldier's mouth dropped and was what looked like smiling.

When Jason went to reload, the soldier stopped him and pulled the blind fold off and started to talk to him. "Where did you learn to shoot like that? I mean I'm good, but I'm not that good. Lieutenant George Bigger, sniper first class." Jason held out his hand. Jason waited a second for Lt. Bigger to shake his hand and said, "Jason Sprague soldier in training, Spartan." The soldier then looked away and looked ashamed to even have of spoke to him.

Jason said, "You still want to know where I learned to shoot?" The soldier refocused and paid attention. "When I was about five I had a family. I went exploring on my property. We owned about four hundred acres. On our property, we hadn't known that there was an old ammo depot. I found that depot. I had shot all sorts of guns that day. I

went back every day and practiced. I had gotten perfect shots on the target almost every time.

On November 17, my grandfather had tailed me and saw what I did every day. He walked up to me and said "Jason, what are you doing?" I jumped when I heard this. I turned around to see the horror on his face. I had him sit down on an ammo box. I had spoken to him in a grown voice. I sat there and explained that I wanted to join the army to help fight and defend our race against the bad guys. He had been in the military and was sent home on an honorable discharge. He had gotten shot four times and lived.

He explained to me that he had very nasty nightmares about all of his friends being shot and ripped apart. That the war had made him want to kill himself. He then explained to me that he didn't want me to be shooting anything again. He said that if I didn't that he would give me some thing very special that was given to him by his dad, by his dad by his. It was passed down in their family for generations. My grandpa brought me to his house. Brought me to his bedroom and told me to sit on his bed. He went over to his dresser and pulled out an old rag. He pulled off the rag and held in his hand an old, golden, colt .45. My grandpa said that that gun was given to his great, great, great, great grandpa in the civil war of Earths United States of America. I looked at it with pride. I told my grandpa that ill never go to the shooting depot again. He gave me the gun.

Five days later he died. I had been depressed so I walked to the depot. I broke my promise and picked up the guns. I fired at the target determined to be the best shot ever. My mother and father were important bio-chemists. Our house blew up with them still inside. They had died. It was hours later that I was found. I found the bomber in our woods. I had the colt .45 in my hand. I picked up three bullets from the depot and loaded them in the gun. I shot the bomber three times in the chest before I even knew what I was doing. Then I was sent to the orphanage.

There I could be with my best friend who was already there, Randy. I was there for almost a year then I came here with all of the others. The lieutenant looked at him and shook his hand again. He stood up, saluted and walked away. When he was almost around the corner of the doorway, he said "I'm sorry for acting the way I did. It's just that we don't like the fact we are going to be out smarted, strengthened and what ever else. Sorry for your losses." With that Lt. Bigger left.

The next day came around relatively quicker than expected. Colonel Mendez arrived at seven thirty sharp. All the kids were ordered to have their formal suits on by then and lined up in the auditorium. Colonel Mendez walked in from the side of the stage. She had looked older some how. She was in a gray jumpsuit. She had round spectacles on.

She walked to the middle of the stage to the podium. "All of you have progressed so far. I am here today to check to see if you are ready for stage one of the project. This will consist of having a mental transistor into your skulls. This transistor will allow you to talk to any one with a radio frequency within a light year. These little transistors have an atomic power cell so they should last forever.

After a few minutes, all of the kids stood up and saluted Colonel Mendez off the stage. "All of you will follow these doctors to the surgery area. You will all be fine. Remember that you all have each other. All of you will see each other after the surgery." The sergeant stood up more rigid than ever and shouted, "Atten-hut!" The kids stood straight and followed Sergeant Ewell down the hall. They all walked down the road to the pelicans. The air transports flew everyone to the medical lab. The sergeant and the kids all walked into the medical labs. The sergeant turned around and pointed at the chairs lined up for them. They were all told to wait in the lobby until they find out who goes to what room.

Chris was sitting next to Michelle a little ways down the hall from Randy and Jason. Randy got elbowed by Jason. "Look over there." He pointed over to Chris and Michelle. They were now sitting there. Michelle looked like her face was eating Chris' on account that their faces' were interlocked at the lips. Randy started laughing at them. Michelle without looking stuck her middle finger up at Randy. This was a very good skill because she didn't even open her eyes.

A half an hour later the kids were transported to separate rooms. Some had two or three kids in them because there were no more rooms. The kids were laid face down. The doctors had then took a needle and stuck it far into the back of each of their heads. This hurt a lot because each kid screamed a lot while the needles were entering their cerebrums. This was to make sure they stayed out cold during the surgery and the wound automatically heals after the surgery. The surgery took many hours. The doctors cut off hair, skin, and bits of skull. They then hardwired the transistor to the reacting sides of their brains.

Hours after surgery, all of the kids woke up with major migraines. Each kid was given a pill to take the pain of the migraine away. They got up and felt something weird in their heads. Then, as if a speaker phone was screaming in their ears, Colonel Mendez started to speak. "Good afternoon, this is Colonel Mendez; I hope you all are feeling a lot better. That took longer than planned. You can turn the volume down just by pushing with a little pressure on the little bump behind your ear." The kids all felt for a button behind their ears. Instead, they found a gyro wheel that spins.

All of the children reached the spinner and turned it down a bit. "Okay, by now most of you should have turned it down by now." Chris got up and tried to walk. He fell down and was shaking when trying to get back up. "Whoa!" He got back up onto the bed. All the kids then stayed on the bed. Colonel Mendez' voice was heard again in their heads. "Children, please remain on the beds, the doctors are going to inject you with a protein. This will strengthen your muscles to help you walk and use any other function your body seems to need to do. The doctors came around and gave the shot to the kids. They got up as sergeant Ewell walked into the room.

"Alright, all of you will change and follow me to the lobby." The kids didn't hesitate. They all got changed and met each other in the lobby. Chris and Michelle were yet again embraced at the lips. Jesse walked by them and said "get a room!" Sergeant Ewell walked in and they all stood up and saluted him. "At ease, you will have tomorrow off for getting used to the implant in your skulls. Now get onto the pelican, double-time!" The kids got up and stormed out of the lab and out into the yard into the pelicans their waiting for them.

After their flight back to the base, every kid went to their bunks. They had moved them according to who was in their group. Randy lay down and started talking to Jason on a secure line. "So how do you feel about these things?" Jason started to get excited. "Dude, these things are so wicked. I mean now we can talk to each other in combat, or remember that night the sergeant had up play laser tag man hunt? Now we can warn each other if some one is near or stuff like that." Jason finished talking and rolled over to take a nap.

Randy got up and moved over to the other side of the hanger. He walked back and forth through the hanger. He got bored and went out, asked the sergeant if he had any errands that he could do. "Umâ€¦" the sergeant looked around. "Sure, I need these delivered to the learning center." The sergeant handed Randy a box. Randy saluted the sergeant and walked out the door. He ran down the path to the learning center. He ran up the stairs and opened the door. He walked over to the central tower, opened the box and put the A.I.'s new programs.

As soon as Randy pressed the run button the A.I. didn't appear an ugly looking little monster appeared. It started making little clicking noises. Like when you click your tongue on the top of your mouth. Randy looked at it suspiciously. He walked over to it and walked around it looking at it. All of a sudden, a group of heavily armed men showed up. They aimed their weapons at the little monster and started to yell at it.

"Where is it!? Where is the weapon!?" Randy backed up a little to get a better view. The little ugly thing just looked horrified. Again the questions were screamed at the creature standing in front of Randy. The little creature crouched down and started to make noises. The noises sounded like crying noises. The creature stood up fast with its mouth wide open. The mouth was split like a cross, vertically and horizontally. The creature had teeth on each section of its mouth. In its hand there was a glowing blue object. In the other there was an odd looking weapon. The creature threw the blue object at the nearest soldier and started firing little green shots at the others. The soldier that had the blue object thrown at him started running.

Randy was wondering as to why he was running. Randy noticed the blue object stuck to the chest of the soldier, who was initially trying to get it off. The soldier couldn't but continued running. Randy found out really soon because the soldier had no later than a second later, blown up. Randy backed up a little more. He saw the little creature now running from the other soldiers. Its arms were flailing in the air in panic. One soldier fired a pistol at the creature's legs. The creature dropped and started to groan and scream. The soldiers ran over to it and started to pick it up. They sat it up and tied it. One screamed at it again. "Now, where the hell is it?" The creature screamed at them all again in its foreign language. The soldier on the monster's left side pressed a few buttons on his hand-held com and shook his head.

Once the com was done translating, the creature was let go. It started to look at them all. It got up and ran. One of the soldiers with a sniper rifle crouched down and aimed. He adjusted his scope. The creature was now about to the wall of the room. The soldier fired twice. The little creature went down. Randy looked astounded. He

smiled once and turned back to the operating box. He turned off the power and turned back towards the door. To his surprise someone was standing against the wall in the darkness. "Who is that!?" asked a conscious Randy. Sergeant Ewell stepped into view and Randy stood straight up as stiff as a board. St. Ewell walked closer to where Randy stood. He pulled the pipe from his mouth and started making smoke circles. "I know what would happen when I handed you that box. I know this because I had read what you were thinking. Well after you stood here for awhile, your heartbeat rose. You liked watching that little creature get shot, didn't you?"

Sergeant Ewell finished this and Randy let all of this register in his mind. Randy put a puzzled look on his face. "Sir, yes sir." Randy felt good about this but he did not know why. St. Ewell let him think for a second. "Do you know why you feel like this? Do you think you feel like this because your brother was sent to war and has yet to return?" Randy looked at the St. Ewell. "Was, was that my brother?" The sergeant nodded and put the pipe back in his mouth. Randy just looked down and asked, "Is he still alive?" Randy looked up and the sergeant just stood there.

Randy heard a faint buzz in his ear. All of a sudden the door flew open. Another person was standing there. Randy squinted and realized who it was. "Fayte!" Fayte was only eleven years older than Randy. He stood five foot eleven. He had a hair cut like a punk rocker. When he was at home he played in a band with every other hard rocker in our town. They played at all social gatherings and would have probably been a published band and all but they went to the marines.

Randy ran towards his brother after shaking the sergeant's hand. Randy and Fayte had given each other a huge hug when they got close enough to. "How, but I thought, oh who cares." Randy started to laugh and give Fayte a bear hug. Fayte gave a grunt and gave one back. Fayte as usual won the bear hugging contest. They let go and started talking of old memories of when they lived in the orphanage. The two of them looked totally different. Fayte had been battle scarred. He had a scar on his right temple down to his cheek. He also had many medals. A few including two purple hearts, and a silver star. His stripes recognized him as a lieutenant. This would explain why he was able to come here. "Who gave you authorization to be here?" Fayte looked at him and said "Your very own, Colonel Mendez."

Randy smiled and hugged him again. They stood up and walked over to the sergeant. "At ease Ewell, you know me. I was here a few years ago. You challenged me to an arm wrestling match. You lost. No hard feelings." He put out his hand as to shake the sergeants. The sergeant looked sternly at Fayte and smiled. He grabbed his hand and pulled him into a hug. "Where have you been? We could really use you around here." The sergeant and Fayte split apart. Fayte looked intrigued as to the proposition. "I just might do that." He picked Randy up and saluted St. Ewell. Randy fallowed suit and saluted the sergeant. The two of them started walking towards the door, still talking about how cool it was to see each other again. Fayte put Randy down in his bed and walked to his own. Each of them went to sleep happily.

The next morning Randy woke up Jason before wake up time. "Hey, hey, wake up!" Randy was shaking Jason so he would wake up. "What do you want it's onlyâ€¦" He looked over to his bedside stand at his clock. It blinked 3:14 p.m. Jason sat up and cleared his eyes so he could

see. He got up and stretched and sat back down. "Now what is so important that you had to wake me up?" Randy got closer as not to disturb the others. He told Jason about how he couldn't sleep and that the sergeant had sent him to the learning lab. How his older brother left and wasn't seen again until last night. "But that is the weird thing, we were both sent to the orphanage, he left and I was left alone.

I never saw him again. Now he comes to see me. I don't know if he is one of those flash clone things. I mean, he seemed so real. If, if he is I will seriously tell these people goodbye and I will leave. They do not know the agony I have gone through when he left me." Jason pulled Randy to him and hugged him. "It will be okay, just ask Colonel Mendez the next time she comes." Randy nodded. He got up, got dressed and told Jason he was going to go work out till the wake up bell rings.

Jason got up and followed him. Randy was heading the opposite direction of the exercise area. Jason wanted to know where he was going so he followed him. Jason hid behind trees or a nearby barrel. Randy kept turning around to see if some one was following him. Jason continued to be unseen. A little while longer Jason noticed that they were heading toward the computer lab. Randy went in and talked to the soldier who kept guard. He let him in. Jason ran up to the door and said to the guard "Hey, I need to talk to him do you mind?" The guard said no and let him in.

Randy looked up and saw Jason. "I thought I saw you behind the sergeant's car." Jason looked down and laughed and walked over to him. "What are you doing?" Randy pointed at the screen. It showed their planet in a picture, magnified next to it was the town that the two of them lived in. Next to that was a profile. It was Fayte's. "I don't get it. He was announce M.I.A. why is he here?" Jason shook his head. "I don't know, maybe the government doesn't want him to be found, that he carried to much valuable information." Randy just closed all of it and turned it off. They got up and walked out the door and back to the hanger.

When they got back to the hanger it was just about wake up time. Every one was already awake. News spread quick that there might be a new instructor and sergeant Ewell would assist. Or, for some people, Ewell would still be the main instructor and have an assistant. Fayte was standing outside in a pair of shorts and a white tank top. All of the girls were pleased at this for Fayte had a ripped body.

They all were dressed for exercise like every day. Sergeant Ewell started clearing his throat to quiet them down. The stood rigid. "This is Lieutenant Fayte. He will be helping me and the whole staff. He will teach you to survive in ways that I could not teach you. He has been on a mission, hiding for the last eight years. He has been through more than most. Please give him your up most respect. The kids all saluted him. Randy smiled. Fayte stepped up and looked at all of them. "Good morning, my name is Lieutenant Fayte. I am here to teach you all to hide under the cover of any thing around you. You will learn to move and not be heard. You will learn to kill in silence and not be seen. You all will, in short become a pack of wolves. Who gather round and wait to strike. Your victim, your victim will be who I, my self or sergeant Ewell says is. Are there any questions?"



The kids all were still saluting. "Oh, at ease." The sergeant said this and the kids relaxed. One kid in the back raised her hand. Fayte pointed and said, "Yes, you in the back." The girl walked to the side of the group and spoke. "Sir, where were you when you were in hiding?" Fayte shifted and "Uh, I was on one of the covenants near by planets close to where we believe their home planet is. I was sent there by Colonel Hugo Miguel. He resigned from his position when they removed from the planet and left me behind. I was held hostage by a group of grunts that previous morning. From gathered information, the group I was with believed I went to use the 'restroom' and never returned." The girl nodded and returned to the group.

Randy next raised his hand. Fayte looked at him. "Yes." Randy lowered his hand and said "How did you get away from the enemy. I mean if you were captured by a group of them, they would have brought you to their main camp, right?" Fayte registered this in his head for a few seconds. "Randy, I, um." Fayte couldn't answer. Randy opened his mouth again. "How did you do it? Fayte I am your brother you can tell me." Fayte just looked at him. "I'm sorry I, I can't answer that." "Why not!" Randy was angry. Angry because he now knew that Fayte would have told him how he did it. Mostly he would be bragging about how he did it. Something wasn't right.

Fayte again was looking at Randy. Randy fell back into the group in an angry state. There were no more questions. The two instructors had just made them do exercises for the rest of the day. They stopped and gave the kids the rest of the day off. This was rare because it was only three o'clock. Randy didn't say anything to no one and went to the punching bag. He stood there and punched the bag. He punched it again and again. Every punch thrown gradually getting harder as he went. He was sending the five hundred pound bag flying to the maximum height it could attain. After a while there were indents in the bag from where Randy was hitting the bag.

Later Randy had gotten into a wrestling match. These matches were usually held to see who was stronger. Randy joined so he could have a moving and struggling target. This match turned into a tournament. Half of the kids were in it. Randy had bloodied any person who had come into the ring. He had a scratch above his left eye spouting blood. His lip was split and he was sweating more than any one there. He did not get tired. He kept fighting them all one by one. Jason and the rest were there cheering him on. "Go Randy! Watch out! Ouch! Keep going"

All of a sudden the next match was a three on one. Randy was still not tired. He thought only of how his brother couldn't answer him and how he had wanted him to be in here instead of his friends. Two of the other kids grabbed his arms and locked them over their chests. Meanwhile the bigger one of the three was punching him in the face. Torrents of blood were on the ground. Randy felt no pain. He took the punches and didn't wince. After eight punches Randy lifted his legs off the ground. They met the bigger kid's face. Randy landed back on the ground and whipped on kid off his arm. He grabbed the other one and broke his wrist. He then started to head butt the kid. The child tried to get away but Randy locked his arms underneath his own.

He continued his ravaging beating when he was pulled off by some one. Randy turned around and swung. His fist was caught by Fayte. "What do you think your doing? That is one of your friends. He didn't deserve that. If you want to do that lets see you try it to me." Fayte was in

a white tank top and some camouflage pants. Randy was waiting for him to say this. Fayte let go and gave Randy a minute to breath. The child Randy had head butted was dragged off by the other two. Jason and the others had a look of interest and fear. They hadn't ever had an instructor fight a kid. But this fight was between brothers, not rank. Randy cleaned his face of blood and sweat and sipped down some water. Fayte stood there patiently.

Randy gave the ok. Fayte still stood there. "I'll give you one free shot so as to get me to your level, and then it will be fair game." Fayte said this and Randy rushed at him. He jumped and locked his knees around his brother's neck. He pulled down and dragged his brother with him. They flipped towards the ground. Fayte, every spectator and him, did not realize that Randy could do that. They got up and Randy started to kick at Fayte. Fayte jumped, dodged and blocked all of Randy's assaults.

Annoyed with blocking attacks Fayte decided to strike. He grabbed his brother's leg. He pulled him toward him and twisted Randy's ankle. Randy turned over. He lifted his other leg and put his arms out to stop him from hitting the ground. Fayte grabbed the other leg. Randy was hoping this. He pushed up and let gravity swing him like a pendulum. He swung and dived towards the arc under his brothers legs. Fayte was still attached to his brother's legs. He flipped over and landed on his back. There was a splash and a thud as he landed on the bloody ground.

Randy's legs were released and he hopped on his brother's chest. Randy grabbed Fayte's arms. He crossed them over his neck and put a knee there between the two elbows. This ensured that he couldn't move his arms. Randy started to punch Fayte in the ribs. "Why wouldn't you answer me? Why couldn't you explain the intricate details as to why you had to stay there, how you got away? Why couldn't you explain this to me?" Randy finished screaming this at his choking brother. Fayte took his knee and hit Randy in the back. Randy flew off. Fayte and Randy stood up and Fayte started talking. "I couldn't say because I realized that if I did, you would hate me and break form and leave. That would earn you twenty whips in public for insubordination, recklessness, assaulting a higher ranking officer, and leaving base with out authorization."

Randy knew what he meant. He still hated him. He wiped his chin off and turned to walk away. He started walking and climbed over the rope. He started shaking his arms to get most of the mud off. Every one around was watching him leave. Fayte stood there and watched his brother leave. He started to sprint and leaped over the rope. He caught up with his brother and put his hand over Randy's shoulder. Randy shook it off. Fayte stopped and watched his brother walk into the bunker and turned around disappointed and walked to his office with everyone watching him now. He went into his office and changed into some clothes that weren't caked with mud.

Randy had taken a shower and had his pants on when the rest of his group came in. Randy was in the middle of putting his shirt on when he punched a hole in the box at the end of his bed. Jason came over and put his arm around Randy to calm him down. Randy and the rest of the group sat there and talked about Lt. Fayte and about how he wasn't worth the time to argue with. Randy felt a little better.

They went to dinner and played a game of laser tag. Jason won. Later all the kids went to bed. Jason and Randy were sitting on there beds playing poker and watching Chris and Michelle kissing again. Jason leaned over and said "Don't they ever stop eating, at this rate their going to get fat real fast." They both laughed. When Chris and Michelle stopped kissing, they went to bed. The only thing awkward about this was that Chris' bed remained empty. Jesse, Randy and Jason looked over to see Chris in Michelles be with his arm around her. The three chuckled and went to sleep. Chris in the midst of all the laughing, managed to lift his arm, bend it behind him, and gave the other three the bird. They laughed a little more and turned around and went to sleep.

The years went by and the kids grew from six, to seven years old, to eleven to twelve year olds to eighteen to nineteen year olds. All of the kids were ripped. Even Jesse. All of them could lift up two hundred pounds easy. Certain others could lift three hundred or more. All of the kids turned into soldiers. All of the groups remained the same.

One other girl came over from a similar project on request of Colonel Mendez. She was assigned to the group with Jason, Randy, Michelle, Jesse, and Chris. Her name was Andrea. Every other group said that they wanted to maintain a 'program' that they made up. These 'programs' were used in battlefield exercises. Andrea was very, very, unique. She walked into the bunker and met the others. "Hi, my name is Andrea." She pointed to the entire group and said their names. They never met, and yet she knew their names. All of the other soldiers would have looked at her in confusion. This group was different. They said "Hey, you know how to play poker? We could use a sixth player." Andrea smiled and joined their game.

Randy hadn't spoken to his brother much during all of the years that he was there. A few hours later Sergeant Ewell was heard on the speaker phone. "Will subject 117 please report to my office?" Randy looked around and wondered what he did. He got up and walked towards the door. From the he started jogging to the sergeants office. When he arrived he knocked on the door. "Come in, come in." Randy turned the handle and entered the room. Randy had just entered the room and noticed his brother standing on the wall near the sergeant's desk. "Yes sir?" Randy said this as he walked in front of the desk and crossed his arms across his back.

"Son, you're here because I was told that you have exceptional leader skills." Randy's mind was racing to find the answer as to why he was here. He continued on listening. "Lt. Fayte here says that over the years he has taught you and all of the other soldiers, you and a few others are the only ones who possess leadership skills. Now I have already called the others here to tell them. Now it is your turn. You're here to be promoted rank. You are now a squad leader. Each group has attained a group leader, you again are that, but you seem able to lead large groups of people." Randy was exhilarated. He stood there and did not move waiting for the sergeant to put him at ease. "Oh, I'm sorry, at ease soldier"

Randy put his arms down and stood a little less tense. He was thinking of what to say when he blurted out, "Sir, I don't believe I would be apt for this job, sir." The sergeant and the lieutenant both sat a little straighter. "Why not? Isn't this what every soldier wants? To be promoted to gain more respect from his colleges and gain

more power over soldiers?" The sergeant said this and the lieutenant understood why Randy answered the way that he did. "Sir, I don't want more power. I like where I am at, and I don't want more respect by force from my friends. If I accept this, they'll only envy me and not want me to talk to them. I want to remain in the loop with them because friends are needed in battle rather than higher ranking officers, sir." "But—" Randy shook his head. "Sir, no. You didn't hear me correctly. I am not saying you don't need higher ranking officers in battle, I am saying that a friend would be more apt to follow your orders rather than a power hungry higher ranking officer, sir."

None of this is related to any soldier I know but it is hypothetically true that past colonel's have been known for corruption and treason, sir." After Randy's explanation, the sergeant must have understood. "Randy, I mean soldier if you don't want to accept this position, who do you think would be worthy to accept it?" Randy answered as quickly as when the sergeant finished his question. "Sir, if you give me some time to speak with my group and every one else would you hold that position. I mean, I'll be ten minutes most, sir" Fayte nodded his head in approval. He looked to the sergeant and the sergeant nodded too. Randy saluted the two of them and ran out of the door.

He sprinted back to the bunker passing an ongoing jeep going twenty-five miles an hour. He reached the bunker and walked to his group he had seven minutes left. "Okay, the sergeant and the lieutenant have offered me a position as a squad leader." All of the started complimenting, congratulating and clapping for him. "Okay, if you guys approve I'll take it but if you don't I'll say no. Chris threw a pen at Randy and said "Are you stupid? Take it!" Randy nodded and ran around the bunker asking the other groups if he should he had three and a half minutes. He was approved by most groups. He sprinted out the door and back to the sergeant's office. He knocked on the door and entered. "Sir, I will accept the position as a squad leader." The sergeant smiled and nodded. He picked up a couple stripes on his desk and gave them to Randy. "Good job and right on the last second too." He pointed to a stop watch. It read 9:59:36. Randy smiled and shook the sergeant and the lieutenant's hands.

When he was about to let go of Fayte's hand Fayte gripped more. Randy turned back and looked at Fayte's eyes. He noticed the look on his face. Fayte bent down and whispered in his brother's ear. "Congrat's, now will you talk to me during training or classes?" Randy thought for a minute and nodded. "Truce." They let go of the hand shake and hugged. Randy saluted the two officers and ran out the door. He ran back to the bunker and told every one what had happened. They finished their game of poker and played a few games of chess while Jason and Randy arm wrestled.

The next few weeks dragged on as the rain continued to drown the entire facility. As though the rain wasn't there, the drills and morning exercises continued on. Now winter, everything was as a desolate burial ground, covered in a thick blanket of fluffy snow. Still the exercises continued. The years dragged on and on. Training becoming more ruthless than ever, all of the kids were told to meet in the announcement hall.

The sergeant stood atop the stage area behind a podium.

"Take a seat soldiers." His face now scared from the roughneck fights with a couple of overzealous soldiers. "You all were called here today to be told something that will help you become better soldiers. I'd like to introduce Colonel Mendez, and a Dr. Coleman. These fine women will explain it all better in detail." He said this and stepped back and locked his wrists behind his back.

All of the once children clapped. It had been almost six years since they had seen Colonel Mendez. Randy and the group were more pleased to see her. They all started clapping and cheering. Mendez reached the podium and lowered the microphone to her level. "Good afternoon my fine soldiers." She allowed a brief clapping to commerce before she continued.

Randy noticed that she was not a youth-full looking any more. She was wearing a light gray lab coat and gray kakis pants. She now was wearing thin round glass spectacles. Jason and the others must have noticed too because they were all looking Colonel Mendez over for a minute.

Mendez continued on. "Dr. Coleman and myself are here today to inform you all that you will be undergoing a surgical procedure today. This procedure is to increase muscle mass, strengthen bone mass, and increase all of your senses to help you during combat. Take a minute to reassess that over."

All of the soldiers looked a little shocked. Mendez took back to the microphone, "Are there any questions?" A female named Whitney raised her hand. "Yes?" Whitney stood up. "Sir, is this procedure going to be painful ,Sir?" Mendez looked a little disfunctioned for a second. " Yes, the procedure is very painful. Some of you may not even survive this. But it has been given time to overcome that theory. The worst that could happen to any of you is that you will inherit some mental dysfunctions and most likely will work behind a desk if that after words."

Whitney nodded and sat back down. Randy, Jason, Chris, Jesse, and Michelle all stood up and shouted "Bring It On!" After this, a couple more stood up. Soon enough, the entire group was standing and chanting. Mendez smiled. "Ok, Ok , calm down, if you will please exit through the back and follow the nurse to your surgical rooms."

All of the soldiers saluted and shouted "Hoo-ahh!" They all turned right and left through the back exit. The soldiers were all placed into their respective beds. They took off their normal weir and placed on a hospital gown. They all were all strapped facedown on the bed and strapped into place. After Colonel Mendez checked them all, she clicked on to the radio frequency of the intercoms in their heads. "Alright now, what the doctor or nurse standing next to you is going to do is inject you with the bone mass IV. This is the worst one so it is better to get it out of the way first." She cut off the connection and nodded to the nearest nurse. The nurse picked up a syringe full of a silverfish yellow liquid. She pushed the end tip of the syringe to make sure the liquid inside wouldn't clog, forcing the doctors and nurses to push harder, forcing a lot of the liquid in at once causing the liquid to rupture the veins in the subjects. It was working well. She continued on moving towards the subject. With a wipe of an alchehol swab, and a flick of her wrist she pinched the skin behind the knee cap and inserted the needle. Every soldier in the beds had no problem with this. The nurses and doctors in the

other rooms did the same. They waited for Colonel Mendez' order to inject. "Now." Mendez said this and the viscous liquid in the needles was injected into the men and women who were about to experience pain beyond belief. The soldiers moaned and screamed after a couple seconds after the injection. The thick liquid now burning through the soldiers veins to the heart to be pumped to the bones. The liquid was pushed through every vein opening and rushed to the bones. The liquid found the bone and began molding into the bone, while in the process of breaking the bones inch by inch. The bone broke and healed extremely fast causing exhilarating pain.

After about three hours the bone strengthening process was over. Most of the soldiers were crying or still screaming softly. Chris, Jason, Michelle, Jesse, Randy, and Andrea were some of the select few who did not wince. The pain in their body was being calmed through talking. The six of them were placed in the same room in a half a semi circle in wheel chairs.

Chris moved himself over to Michelle. Jason and The other three were sitting there playing cards. Michelle lifted up her arm's sleeve to reveal an array of bruises. "I ache all over. I don't want to stay awake Chris." Michelle leaned over and hugged Chris. "It's ok, the hard parts over." He hugged her and rubbed her back. He turned his head and kissed her neck. Chris and Michelle both rolled over to the card table that all of the others were at.

Later that day, all of them were back on the beds. Mendez clicked on the com and made another announcement. "All right. You all made it successfully through the bone strengthening process. Sorry, but now we have to give you another injection. This is to up your muscle mass permanently. Ok?" She clicked the com off. She nodded to the nurse again and the process was repeated as the bone IV was.

This process of muscle mass increase proved to be more painful than the bone strengthening. The muscles were expanding, tearing the old ones. The arms of every one of the soldiers was growing. After an hour or two the process was done. Some of the people passed out so they could rest. The entire group was given the rest of the night to rest and adjust to their new bodies.

The next morning Michelle woke Chris and every other person in the room up. "Oh my god!" All of them sat up, "What? What?" Michelle told Randy, Jason and Jesse to lie back down. Chris got up and walked over to her. "What's wrong?" Michelle lifted the sleeve of her shirt to reveal her arm. Chris looked closer, grabbed it and rubbed it. To Chris' dismay, her arm was as hard as a rock and not bruised. Chris laughed and leaned over and gave a long kiss to Michelle.

Colonel Mendez walked in shortly after that. "Awe, sorry to break up the good times." She said this as she saw Chris' hand getting closer and closer to the underside of Michelles Nightgown. Mendez clicked on the com, "Okay boys and girls, today we will administer the shot for your increase in senses. Good news, this wont hurt, bad news, you could be seriously hurt from this, pending on you going blind, deaf, paralyzed, or any other disability." All she heard from the receiving end of the com was " Hoo-Ahh!"

The doctors and nurses returned again for a third time. They strapped the men and women down and picked up the needles. They didn't move towards the hip, or arms. "Please don't move the only pain will be

from the shot it will be okay." Mendez issued this order and every person ran rigid. The administrators took the needles and carefully placed them into the little pink areas near the nose and applied pressure. This must have really hurt because almost every person started to scream or groan.

The shot was administered and they were covered with a black velvet blanket. Some who had a different reaction were rushed and put into a tank of water with a breathing hose. All of the men and women were now starting to feel the effects of the shots. Their eyes itched, their fingers and toes burned. The tips of their tongues started to ripple and split. Their noses started to bleed and every one had a migraine.

Mendez was walking around inspecting what was happening when all of a sudden her com clicked on. "Sir, I thought you said this was painless, Sir." Mendez frowned. "I did not say it was all painless, but compared to what you just went through, yeah this is painless." Randy laughed and tried to ignore the pain. This process lasted for what seemed like hours. Not the less, the pain was nothing compared to the bonuses gained from it.

An hour later the process was over. Every one was unstrapped and sat up. They all rubbed their eyes, well the ones who made it through the entire process. There were seventy-six when they all went in, now there was sixty-three. They all got up and got dressed, slowly adjusting to the bright lights, loud noises and the increase in the sensitivity in the awareness in the approach of a person.

Randy was done getting dressed. He walked out into the lobby and noticed the soldiers that didn't make it through the process. He walked over to the nearest one. His name was Johnson. Johnson was now in a wheel chair drooling on his shirt. Randy stood rigid and saluted every one of the men and women that risked their health and their lives to advance in the field of militarism.

Not too long after, Randy was accompanied by Jason and Andrea. Randy looked over and the two of them were holding hands. Randy smiled and shook his head. Chris and Michelle walked out and Jesse followed. Chris and Michelle now holding hands too. Jesse walked over and stood next to Randy. Randy turned his head and said, "Don't even think about it!" Jesse and the others laughed. Jesse stood there and was crying from this statement as if he was expecting it.

The whole group was now in the lobby waiting for orders from either Colonel Mendez or Sergeant Ewell. Almost a couple seconds after the last person to speak, spoke, Sergeant Ewell, Lieutenant Fayte, and Colonel Mendez all entered the room. "Ladies and gentleman, I have something interesting to tell you. Lieutenant Fayte here has also taken the procedure same as all of you." Mendez said this and the "Hoo-Ahh" shout came again. Clapping came next as a wave of congratulations came over the entire group.

All of the soldiers were rounded up, put on a pelican drop ship, and sent back to the base. When arriving there, every one of the physically augmented men and women, who all were now a mid shape of Rambo, all started to train and test their new muscles. Randy and the group all sprinted now like Chris and Michelle, were as silent as Jesse and as strong as Randy. No one however was a good shot as Jason. That was a skill.

They all ran around the facility. On their return they were all questioned on how fast they were going and how long they could run without stopping. "We didn't stop running. We ran to the surgery rooms and back without stopping or running out of breath." Chris said this and Michelle added more into it. "Yeah and the coolest thing is that we passed a pelican. A pelican!" Every one cheered. Later that night every one went to bed early on account for tomorrows training.

Everyone woke up at about four thirty. They all had slept in. They got up, dressed and went to breakfast. Five minutes was all it took to eat. Less than that if you went and took one of the easy meals. Little square cubes packed with flavor and actual food. It's like the story of Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, where the little girl chewed the gum and it was a three course meal, but with out the swelling or turning blue.

The training was now more than ever rugged. The soldiers were forced to crawl seven miles. If they didn't than they do more miles. After that the soldiers were made to do almost five thousand pushups. These were simple tasks for these hardcore marines. These tasks took time yes but the time was made short on account that the tasks were now easier.

About three months later the training could be no more. Every single order barked out by a superior was issued and made perfect. Real combat simulation time. The men and women were put into their groups. The groups have been together with a couple add on's and a couple losses. These soldiers entered the training battle field. Now to learn to release their fears.

After every one was suited up with a weapon of choice, a battle suit, and a med kit they were sent out. "The weapons are a high grade filament laser tag system, where as if you get shot you feel it. The laser will switch on the shocking system and you will be paralyzed for a matter of a half an hour. The battle field will be full of test sergeants and other sniper experts. They will look like covenant elites, grunts, brutes, jackals, and one prophet. These people are the best of the best, volunteering to help you." Lieutenant Fayte finished these words and pushed the button to the clad iron door behind him. It made a hissing noise then opened.

The entire place was full of red, green, blue, and yellow lasers. "Okay, now beware of the big ones they will shoot out grenades at you if you aren't careful, that will send you flying and might damage some of your equipment." These were the last words from the Lt. as they ran and positioned themselves, squad after squad after squad. After what seemed like hours, and must have been because the sun was setting, most of the groups were eliminated. One group was left. It was Randy's group. They all were sitting there with the exception of Jason who was up in a tree. The battle field was actually real. Every bit of it. A shot was fired from the S2 Aussie Power Sniper Rifle (A.P.S.R).

A short scream was issued by one of the field sergeants. Randy chuckled and went to look. He found the sergeant passed out underneath a root of a tree with a camo blanket laced together so that you can see through the blanket but the enemy cannot see you. Randy looked at the man on the ground and to Jason. It was an



impossible shot. After misleading that fact, the other thing was that the guy was nearly invisible.

The com clicked on in Jason's head. " Hey. Nice shot! How about a silent warning next time, you know as an extra pre-caution." Randy let the conversation drop. "Hey , also switch to an altered frequency of one point six seven three two, out." Jason nodded and raised his sniper. He squeezed the trigger oh so gently. The laser beam hit the sergeant nearly seven hundred yards away.

After a matter of a couple minuets the entire group relocated. All of this was being watched by monitors in the facility. Sergeant Ewell and Lt. Fayte were even more impressed that any one was still 'alive' in the field. All that was caught on the cameras was a quick flash and then the cameras are shot down or get lost trying to find them. Lt. Fayte clicked on the com to the field shooters. "All members move in on subject alpha, coordinates fifty six meters from base target grounds." He clicked the com off and returned to the monitors.

"Michelle, cover our flank, Andrea stay where you are. Jason Relocate to coordinates, six jay delta cloud beret. Jesse move twenty feet to your left and get missionary. Every one be on your best lookout. You see any thing move, kill it, what ever sneezes out there I want to feel the mist! Got it!" The response was a hushed "Hoo-Ahh!" The first shot was fired. The shot missed Andrea's head by mere Inches. She ducked as Randy and Jason covered fire. The first two combat sergeants went sown. Slowly Chris crept up on a little gang of sergeant's. He pulled a grenade off his belt and lobbed it over at the group. The explosion went off. Everything went black and faded as the bullets over head were flying overhead.

The next month was combat training after combat training. Time went by and the groups were drilled more and more with how to kill your enemy. Knife combat was what Randy was exceptionally good at. He drew the knife, slowly from it's sheathe. Seven and a half inches long, serrated blade on the back, nice razor sharp blade on the front. The hilt on the knife was inlaid with a platinum filament as to keep the blade from ever breaking.

Every one sat around a huge bon fire and sharpened their knives. These were the only weapons that were allowed to be kept with the soldiers at all times. Randy sat there counting the money he had in his pocket. Jason walked over and sat next to him. "What you doing?" Randy looked over after finishing the counting of the money. "I'm counting how much more I need to buy a plasma retracting blade. The way I figure it, I have about another four weeks before I can do that. I plan on buying a couple of throwing stars too, just for practice." Jason nodded and had a sudden memory from the earlier morning. "Hey, were supposed to going on a mission tonight!" Randy as were all the others looked at Jason.

"What? How come you didn't tell us earlier?" Jason fumbled around for words. Then the unregretable words came out. "I forgot." They all sheathed their knives and were about to stand when out of the shadows came Lt. Fayte.

"Jason is right. You all will be going on a mission tonight. You all will be dropped off in a remote spot. You will be unconscious for the most part so as not to know were to go. You will be given a piece of

a map, well some of you will. All of you will find a way home. Any of you who do not find a way home with the others will be left there to find your own way back." They all were surrounded after a couple of minutes. A nerve gas was released through the fire. Everyone blacked out.

It seemed like forever that Chris was laying there not being able to move. The nerve gas wore off. He got up and looked around. It was just about three o'clock when he looked at his watch. He looked around and saw that he was standing kind of close to a small lake. It was a miracle he didn't fall in. He felt around in his pockets. He found a piece of the map. He turned it in all sorts of directions. He now knew where he was. He was about six hundred miles from base. He hollered out "Hello!" No answer.

He started walking off towards the south east. He shouted again. This time he got an answer. It was a faint hello but it was noticeable by Chris' heightened senses. Feeling like an idiot he clicked on his com. "hello?" He heard the crisp voice of Michelle on the other end. "Chris? Is that you?" Chris replied a yes. "Meet me by the lake. Can you smell the water?" Michelle replied yes, said bye and clicked the com off.

Within an hour the darkness grew. A few of the other people wound their way to the lake. Another hour went by; most of the groups were together. A few people weren't found and search parties were formed. The pieces of the map were put together. A few stragglers were found. The group of Andrea, Randy, Jason, Chris, Michelle, and Jesse was back together. The hunting parties sprinted through the entire perimeter.

All of the people were now found. One of the people was stuck running from a pack of bears. Another broke a toe in a pot hole. The bones were like titanium. The entirety of the groups were now discussing on how to get back.

Randy stood up from whittling a stick with his knife. "Alright, seeing as no one has figured out a way to get back to base I guess I'll go looking for something to get us home faster." They all nodded. Randy sprinted off with his group. Within a few minutes of sprinting Randy told the others to stop. "What is it?" Jason got down low with a couple of rocks in his hand and even more in a pocket. "Up ahead, you hear anything?" Everyone stopped making noise and strained to listen. "It sounds like fire." Randy nodded and said "Exactly."

They all spread out and started to advance on the noise. When they got to the edge of the clearing and saw what was making the noise. About seventy five yards out, there was a pelican drop ship. With the ship came six overgrown marines. Randy sat there thinking, "Why aren't they in uniform?" He put the thought out of his mind. He signaled Andrea over to him. "OK here's the deal. You haveâ€¦" He struggled for words. "You have the best looking body here, so. Yeah." She smirked and looked at her body. "Really?" Jason looked over and threw a rock at the back of his head and said "Back off my cool-aid!" Randy chuckled and just said to Andrea "Go". Randy still trying not to make any noise bit his tongue.

Andrea ripped the leggings off of her pants like the godly Daisy Duke. She tied a knot in her shirt to show her belly button. She started walking out to the pelican. Jason now had a really happy face

on. "Why you so happy?" Randy asked this to find out why he'd be smiling. "Because, now I get to have some of that tonight, and I get to go beat the hell out of those guys for looking at her!" Randy had he look of "ok I'll not mention her name for a while."

Andrea kept walking. She got about three fourths the ways there and shouted "Hey boys." She did this extremely all to well. "Heloo!" The six men looked over pointed and whistled. This only aggravated Jason's rage even more. They walked over to her and walked around her. They patted her behind but she still played along. "You like that dont'cha?" One of the men did not remove his hand from her butt. Jason apparently did not like this because he sprung up and threw a rock it landed smack dead in the back of the man head. He dropped like a rock.

Andrea took one of the marine's arms and broke it with ease. She kicked him and he flew at least fifteen feet in the air. She jumped up and wheel kicked the man in the air he flew another twenty feet to the right. Randy and the others were already running there. Randy drew his blade and whipped it at one of the men about to pick up a gun from the pelican. The blade hit the back of the man's hand and stuck it to the side of the ship. The man screamed and tried to pull out the knife. The knife only cut the man more. Randy reached the ship and pulled the knife out with ease and punched the man in the face. Randy heard the nose crack and laughed remembering the day at the playground.

Jason Stood off to the side and threw another rock it hit a man right in the groin. Randy turned just to see this. Randy and the man both fell over in pain. Jesse laughed and tackled one of the men. Andrea jumped and bicycle kicked one of the men. Chris and Michelle were working together. Chris had the man in a full nelson while Michelle continued kicking the man in the ribs. Michelle kept mumbling odd things like "how could you do that to a woman you ungrateful man!"

She stopped and the man dropped. Chris stepped over to Michelle and gave her a kiss. It's ok. He's probably going to turn gay now. Let alone touch another woman again." Every one laughed and climbed aboard the pelican. Jesse and Rand climbed into the cock pit and started the big bird up. They gained lift, turned and fired thrusters. They steered the ship and flew to the lake. The ship was lowered and every one cheered. All of the people crammed themselves into the ship. Some even got into the warthog on the underside of the pelican. The ship was raised and flown back to the base.

When the ship was landed the soldiers dispelled from the ship like water on rocks. The sergeant was unaware that they would be returning tonight. The ship landed and he woke up. Lt. Fayte didn't sleep. He stood rigid as a boulder in the watch tower. He jumped down and welcomed the returning soldiers. All of a sudden the Camp com came on. "Fayte get up here. Bring the leader flying the ship too." Fayte went into the ship to get the lead pilot. He tapped the shoulder of the man. "Sergeant Ewell would like to have a word with us." Randy stood up and said "I heard." Fayte looked shocked.

The two of them jogged into the Sergeants quarters. "Sir reporting as told Sir." Each of them saluted. Fayte fell at ease but Randy stood salute. "At ease soldier." Randy put his hands crossed behind him and spread his legs a little. "Soldier, where on earth did you attain

that pelican drop ship?" Randy looked a little puzzled. He didn't speak for fear of being whipped in public thirty times. "Soldier I am not here to yell at you. I am here to commemorate you. You are one hell of a soldier. I am here to award you the rank of master chief. Not as good as a sergeant or lieutenant but good enough to command a squad into battle."

Randy smiled. "Thank you sir. Oh yeah the pelican was commandeered about two hundred yards away from the lake. We all were found and the pieces put together before we decided to look for a way out of there. The pelican was being over watched by six out of uniform marine's sir. As far as I know they are still there lying on the ground, one with a broken nose, another with a broken arm and a few rib fractures." The sergeant and Fayte looked over and looked questionable.

They were about to speak when they were interrupted. "Sir's I only broke the man's nose. The rest was done by my group. But please don't patronize them. I could have done it my self but they insisted on coming to make it go smoother." Randy walked out with a new stripe in his hands. He returned to the groups of people and held up the stripe and shouted. Every one else shouted too and the party of the military ages commenced.

Every man and woman drank a couple beers and had fun for the first time since they could remember. The party continued straight on till six thirty in the morning. They went to bed. Some were drunk and needed assistance. Others didn't sleep at all and stood outside either in the shooting range with mufflers to quill the sound, or exercising. The men and women would remember this night for all ages to come. Sergeant Ewell and Lieutenant Fayte even partied. The celebration only stood way and made a path to a new beginning. The age of the Spartans.

-End Chapter 1

## 2. Chapter 2

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The next day was just as every day wasâ€|wet. They all went outside to continue exercises as normal. When they all went outside there were about fifteen men outside with guns. Randy stepped up and asked the one question that would answer every ones questions. "Who are you and why are you here?" The man in the middle of the group was the first to speak. "Sir, we are here by order of Colonel Mendez. Sir" Everyone looked a little excited. "Sir, we are here to extract all of you to bring you to where you will receive further information." Randy went inside the bunker and got his knife. "Now I'm good." Every one else went inside and picked up a couple things that they might need.

The whole lot of them were loaded onto the pelicans designated for them. They flew for about ten minutes to the researching facility where Colonel Mendez was at. The pelicans dropped off the men and women soldiers. Mendez was already outside waiting for them. "Good morning boys and girls." "Hoo-Ahh!" was all that was spoken by the soldiers. Mendez smiled and ducked her head. "Ewell has been keeping you that rigid huh? Any way, follow me." Everyone followed her. Randy

and Jason thinking back to the first time they saw her. She wore a Colonel's suit, young, beautiful. Now she wears a grey lab coat and signs of slight aging seeping through.

They reached the lobby of the researching facility. When they all circled around Colonel Mendez she finally began to speak. "Guys, you were brought here because of a mission that went wrong. I only want volunteers prepared to get shot, captured and possibly tortured." The entirety of the group looked unusual. Like they all just got cracked in the face with an iron pipe. Randy and his group stepped up. "Sir we would like to give it a try." Mendez smiled. "I knew you would volunteer. Thank you. Now if you would please follow these women to the equipment room.

At the last second a women followed them. Her name was Candice. Everyone called her Candy. She ran up and pulled on Jesse's jacket. "Hi, I guess I'm going with you." Jess smiled and nodded. Randy looked back and smiled. Jason walked up near Randy. "Dude, you're going to be alone forever." He laughed and Randy punched him. "Ow man, I was only kidding." Randy just kept walking and smiled.

They all continued walking and turning corners until at long last they were brought up to the equipment room. They entered and everyone jus said "Whoa!" There were weapons and armors everywhere. Jason of course went over and looked at the arrangement of the sniper rifles. Randy went and looked at the throwing stars and shurikens. He then moved over to the hand pistols. He picked one up, disassembled it, reassembled, loaded it, and mounted a ten zoom scope onto it. He added a stabilizer and a silencer and smiled. "Yeah." He then moved to the MAB5 auto rifles. He picked one up and took off a few things and added a few of his. He took out the knife and branded the rifle as his. Every one of Randy's weapons came custom. Chris and Jesse went and got the standard equipment minus the rifle and switched them with Zelot anti-aircraft rocket launchers. "Everyone grab a couple of rounds of shredder bullets. Grab them just in case we run into anything that needs taken down fast." Randy spoke this and everyone did as told.

The girls went and picked up some body armor for everybody. They all got two pistols, a MAB5 and a knife. Jason got his preferred AS2 Aussie compressed sniper rifle. He modified it to his likening. He unloaded his bag and took out a thirty zoom scope with infrared and x-ray variables. He also got six extra ammo cases for himself and two for every one else. The girls all got he standard issue of equipment minus more med packs than every one else.

All of the equipment was loaded onto a crate loader and loaded onto a small ship equipped with two 50mm auto machine guns, a couple havoc nukes and a couple drop pods. Also there was the slipstream generator. After everything was put into place, Colonel Mendez came out into the cargo bay to tell them what they had to do. "Okay guys a long story short. You will be flown to an asteroid belt to find a man named Joseph Garvilo. This man was to be pronounced dead. He is a Thermo nuclear engineer. He has been making really big nukes outside the Delmar galaxy. This mission should be taken only by the silent approach. Are there any questions?"

Mendez finished speaking and looked at the entire group. Jesse stepped up. "Sir, are there any protective objectives? Objectives such as protecting any hostages the enemy may have?" Mendez looked

down and sighed. "There is a president of a bio corp. industry. He is in charge of the engineering and distribution of the war heads to the highest bidder. Take him out. After that all you have to do is escape."

With these words Randy ran back to the equipment room and grabbed about forty pounds of highly explosive C-4. They all loaded aboard the ship. Mendez saluted them as the gate to the ship closed. Every saluted back as the ship began to start up. The ship started moving. Then in a flash the ship found a path to the small path of a designated slipstream. Everything went white and the ship disappeared from the black space that it was in before. The ship and soldiers were on its way.

The passengers in the ship all had a ways to go before reaching their destination. The small ship was filled with equipment to help with the mission. Every one was looking around in the containers to make sure that all the equipment was there. "Ok every one; I want you to be on your best behavior." Every one laughed. "But now on a serious note", Randy stood up and grabbed a support beam. "Now, take a minuet and get into your space fitted suits. I don't want to get caught in vacuum as you probably don't."

They all got dressed and suited up in under a minuet. Randy was impressed. "Good. Now, when we arrive we obviously will be unnoticeable. Rendezvous with Colonel Mendez will be in 3 hours from landing time. Chris, secure the explosives." Randy looked around and checked his own equipment. "Alright, we will be intercepting a cruiser class ship in approximately twelve minutes. When we get aboard we will be in the water storage tanks, so I want everything airtight. Do you understand me!?" All the soldiers stood and shouted "Hoo-Ahh!" They all laughed and the ship continued on its way for the twelve minuets.

The ship clamped on the under belly of the cruiser. All of the soldiers left the back of the carrier and kept an eye out as Jesse cut a temporary hole in the container. Randy pushed a button and the pelican was ditched with the expensive shaw-fukijawa slipstream generator attached was instantly a piece of space junk. The hole was punched and they were in. Once in the hole was patched and every one was in zero gee gravity with the water.

They stayed that way for a few hours. Every one slept in shifts and all of a sudden every one fell with the water. Randy rose to the surface holding two crates. "What happened?" Michelle got to surface and said the obvious. "Sir, I think the ship has docked. It would explain the gravity." Jason spoke up next. "How long have we been on board?" Jesse looked at a timer. "About fourteen hours."

Every one climbed out of the overhanging exit and changed out of their black space suits and into a set of engineer clothes. The only ones small enough to keep the skin tight armor on was Chris and Michelle. This was nice because its was feather light and not very bulgy. Every one else tried to keep theirs on but it would seem kind of weird seeing muscular looking seven foot tall engineers.

Every one put their equipment and weapons into duffle bags. They walked down a corridor and another engineer passed by them. "Who are you all?" Randy looked to Candy, back to the engineer. "We are here to check the water containment systems; we were told there was a

leak." Randy was a well conceived liar and could weasel out of most things by logic or force. The engineer looked at the duffle bags. "What you got in the bags?" "This friend is my tool set, that is hers," pointing at Candy's, "and so on. We like to keep our tools with us." "Right" The engineer seemed very suspicious. "Hey can you come check this out for a minuet?" Rand asked the engineer to come look at something behind him.

"I don't see a thing." Randy put his hands around the engineers chin and head and broke his neck. The crack was minimal as was the noise. He picked the body up and set him between a couple of crates. The group continued to go on. Jason pulled out a modified silenced pistol that was the color of his skin. He kept it at his side as a precaution.

Randy put two fingers pointed out to signal Chris to scout ahead. He walked casually ahead and back double-time. "We have three men with weapons." Randy nodded and Chris returned to formation. Jesse walked up to the edge of the hall way and pulled out a combat knife. Randy followed him and pulled out his blade. Jesse slid out the blade enough to see the three targets. They were ten feet and closing.

One of the men crossed the hallway and turned towards the entire group. His mouth was covered by Jesse's free hand and his throat was slit six inches down with the other hand. Jesse picked up the man and ran. He was as silent as a wind. Randy took his place and the other two crossed. He pulled the blade to one of the men's under-arm and pulled up and out. The serrated photon blade cut a deep gash through the man's arm almost cutting it off. He fell to the ground and bled to death within seconds.

The other man was aware by now that the two men were dead. He also realized that he wouldn't have time to radio for help. Concluding this he opened fire upon the newly found targets. He continued unleash the rounds as if they were nothing. He hit no targets as if they were holograms.

Bullets started flying and the team moved. Every bullet flew by and passed slowly. Randy flung himself in the air. His blood dripped dagger with him. He slashed at the gunning man and he stopped firing standing strait up staring forward. In a couple seconds after Randy looked awkwardly at him and poked him. His head slip tin two and the man fell with blood spurting everywhere.

Randy signaled for them to move forward. Out of no where a bullet flew into Randy's left shoulder. He looked at it for a second and noticed where the projectile came from. It came from down the hall way to their left a single girl. She couldn't be more than eighteen. "Hey, why did you do that? That really hurts you know." Randy said this and dug the bullet out with a knife. She looked horrified. "Ya, I get that a lot. You don't have to be afraid. We're here to help and to take out the leader of this facility." She looked awed. "Well, then your no enemy then are you?"

Randy shook his head. "What is your name?" She walked up to him. "The name is Brittany, what's yours?" She was very attractive and apparently smart. He snapped to reality. "Spartan-117." He said this and forgot. She looked even more amazed. "Well seeing as you all are here why don't I help you. I was sent here for the same reason by the Hexion republic." No one had any objectives. They all continued

on.

Halfway down the corridor they found a bathroom next to the pilot and ship bay. "We'll set up a stray base here. If any of you get lost, or need a rendezvous point it is here. Also we leave in half an hour so split into two groups and search for our target. Chris you, Michelle, Jesse, and Candy go find us a ride out of here, Chris set the door to open in thirty-five minutes. Brittany, me, and Jason will find our friend and attempt a kidnapping instead of a murder. I've had my share of killing or today. Let's not hope no one messes up or were all screwed, got it?!" Every one nodded. Chris and his squad left to the left and continued there.

Randy, Brittany and Jason split right. They stayed along the walls and hid behind crates to stay unnoticed. Along the walls the three of them approached the building that the target was in. Randy un-sheathed his throwing blades and threw them at the two tower guards. The guards fell with a sickening thud and the team moved.

Jason was signaled to stand guard on a small cliff as to were he could see the entire room the target was in. While he did this, Randy and Brittany went around the building and sot an attachment to the roof and climbed the wall in a matter of seconds. An empty clean room now was littered with bits of glass from the window. Randy put a finger over his lips and motioned Brittany to stand behind the door. A small little man walked in the room. "Whoa! Where did you come from?!" Randy shook his head and signaled Brittany. The little man turned around very fast. Apparently a knife was held to his neck very close and when he turned he slit his own throat.

Randy smirked. "Well, if that doesn't work." He started walking out the room as Brittany wiped the blood from her knife on the little mans clothes. She sheathed the blade and walked out of the room following Randy.

The two of them headed down the hall and Randy set a secure com with Chris. "Our door way ready to be opened?" A second lapsed on the com. "One more minuteâ€|sir." Randy acknowledged this and continued on. He opened a door; it was the first door on the left. Negative. He did this for the next three doorways. On the next door he heard voices inside. He looked into the eyehole. It was their target. Randy took all of his equipment except the engineer suit, and his knife. "Wait here for one minute and thirteen seconds if I am not back by then run back the way we came and tell everyone to abort."

Brittany nodded and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He turned back to her and saluted. After all, he was not costumed too much friendship. He smiled and made sure the knife was in reach and in easy access.

On the cliff Jason laid there waiting. He was still for a full ten minutes before any thing happened in the room. The target was sitting in the room watching security tapes with six guards. The door opened slightly and a head popped in. It was Randy's. He stood in the doorway for over a minute and was actually talking to the target. Jason scoped the target and put a silencer on the already silenced weapon. Randy looked out the window briefly at Jason. He turned back to the target as if he drifted off. He exited the room and Jason squeezed the trigger back and two guards went down.



Randy turned the knob slightly and opened the door. He stuck his head out and said "Hello?" The target looked at him briefly and stood up. "Yes?" Randy, in the back of his mind was exuberated when he took the bait. "Umm Sir, we have a problem in sector three. I believe it is an assassination crew. I saw seven people down near the landing bay and they looked like assassins. Well I mean, they were fast and agile like every move was choreographed or something." The target put on a smug face and then a serious face came out, "Thank you, what was your name again?" Randy took a second to stare at the location were Jason was. "Huh? Oh thank you Sir. Well ill go tell every one else.

Randy pulled his head out of the door for less than two seconds. He heard two shots fired and two bodies drop. He opened the door again and bullets were fired at Randy. He leaped in the air and side-kicked on of the guards in the back of the head. A loud crack was heard and the guard fell to the ground with torrents of blood left the man in seconds. Another shot was fired and entered the targets Achilles heel and he fell to the ground. Randy pulled the dagger out and swung it out to the right and punctured a hole in the nearest guard's throat. It slipped in like a hot knife and butter.

The guard fell to the ground started choking on his own blood and air. Randy ducked and lay flat on the floor as a hail of bullets flew inches over his body. He pushed himself up and caught on of the last standing men in one of the arteries in the leg and he fell over and was trying to patch it up.

The target started crawling. Jason fired another round and it made its mark a hairs width away from the targets head. He continued to move. Jason shook his head and fired another round. This bullet landed on the targets hand. This round was different. Only with immense pressure placed on the release the pincer round stood its place until Randy came and retrieved it.

Randy looked at his watch he had another 20 seconds before he had to be out the room. He started walking to the door. One of the surviving guards stood up. Randy without even looking punched the guard so hard that he flipped over in his spot. He opened the door and saw Brittany kneeling down near the door. "Come on, we got him. I told you I would come back." He chuckled and she stood up. She gave him a hug and whispered something into his ear. "Thank you; I could have never done this without you. How can I repay you?"

Randy just looked at her beauty. "Do you want to get something to eat sometime?" She blushed and nodded her head. The two of them went back into the room. The target was trying to get the pincer off of his hand. Randy and Brittany stood in front of him struggling. He looked up and put a puzzled face on. "Brittany?" Randy didn't move his eyes. "Joseph Garvilo, you have been found a highly dangerous threat to the USMC and to that of the inner colonies and have been sentenced to be exterminated byâ€|â€|yours truly. If you have any last words or if you wish to pray please do so now."

The target had been found dumb struck. From were Jason lay, it looked as if he was crying. Randy put out enough of an arms length for Jason to see the three fingers. One finger went down. Followed by the second one. The last finger was jammed because it stayed up for a long time. Jason's finger inched towards the trigger as the seconds went by. Randy held all five fingers up as a sign for Jason to hold

on. He made a couple hand signals for Jason to pack up and head back to the boat out of this huge rock.

He gathered his equipment and jumped off the rock and landed on a crate and it smashed. Jason ran back to the extraction point and hid for a while and waited for a couple moments. Back in the room Randy undid the clamp and knocked out the target. He got on the com. "Change of plans team, were going to take this bastard with us. Chris prep the door, Michelle and Andrea, get the bird nice and warm, Jesse and Candy you keep an eye on everyone's six. Brittany and I are going to get this unworthy piece of trash on the bird in time. Now get moving!" Randy finished this and he picked up the unconscious Garvilo and found an air tight container.

He threw him in there and clicked his watch. "He has a half an hour in there. We have to find you a space suit. He looked consciously at his. On second though, you put mine on. I can hold my breath in vacuum for almost a minute. You would die almost instantly." She didn't hesitate and put the bio forming suit on and air locked it. She took of the gun belt and gave Randy all of his equipment. He put it all on in under a minute and picked up the container. It looked heavier to him. He put it on his shoulder and they started jogging.

Occasionally he had to stop for her to catch her breath. He the put the crate on his chest and let her ride on back. This occurred right outside the back door of the building. Randy then started to run. On an average he was going about thirty miles an hour. He got back to the bathroom point and the alarms went off. Brittany finally spoke again. "They must have found the bodies in my dad's office." Randy looked awkwardly at her on his back but kept moving. He ran to the pilot's platform and saw the bird.

"Chris lets make our doorway. Make it fast though I only got about a minute after ok. Brittany is using my suit. Three, two, one, hit it!" Randy drew in a deep breath and continued sprinting to the pelican. The back hatch opened as Randy was running low on breath. He threw the crate in and let Brittany in and then got in himself. Chris came in a second later. "Well, we have a door so let's use it."

Randy pushed the back hatch door button and the door closed. He let out what little air he had left and drew in a new breath. "Good work every one." Randy said this and he fell asleep. He awoke with Brittany on his lap sleeping. The two of them were still in the pelican. "Spartan-117, come in." Randy clicked his com on. "Sir?" He sat up without waking Brittany up. "Spartan I would like you to come to the ships control deck on the double." Randy acknowledged and set Brittany's head on a med pack. He hustled up to the main decks and to the control room.

He opened the door and saluted Colonel Mendez and the salute was returned with a handshake.

"Good job soldier. You have completed a mission that only took the USMC almost twenty ears to authorize in three hours." Colonel Mendez said this and Randy felt a pit of awkwardness in his stomach. "Sir, I could not have done it without my team." She nodded and turned to privet holding a little wooden box. "Randy, it's with my honor to promote you to Master Chief. Congratulations now go back to your family and well, do what you guys do. You will be debriefed at 0600

and your squad will be split across the galaxy doing miscellaneous jobs. Again, good job."

She said this and Randy sent a crisp salute, turned and exited the control room. He looked down on his arm to see the Spartan insignia with two battle blades crossed over it. His entire group that went with him all received a silver star of valor. By now all of the Spartans medals and awards have littered their entire breast. There was every medal there except the Purple Heart. All of their missions have been a success so far and they weren't about to let that change.

When Randy walked into the Spartans locker room every one cheered and clapped. Randy actually smiled as everyone rarely seen him do. There was a cake prepared and it was brought out and Randy was given a knife and he brought it down and it cut straight through the cake and every one cheered. He handed the knife to Jonathan and he passed the cake out.

Randy went around and talked to everyone for a little while and something sparked in his mind. "Hey, did any one let that scumbag out of the black container?" Every one looked around and then noticed the black container. "Sorry sir. Was there any thing in there of importance?" Randy thought for a minute. "No, never mind people. Just launch the container into vacuum and don't open it." "Sir, yes Sir!" Randy looked auspiciously at the other Spartan. "Not right now. Enjoy our party." He said this and left.

No one noticed him except Jason who was sipping a little Whiskey he found on the asteroid. Jason shook his head and kicked the thought from his head and continued to sip the whiskey. Randy walked down the many corridors and headed over to the ship bay. He jogged over to the holding area of the pelican and found the sleeping Brittany was awake and was reading a magazine. Randy slowed down and walked up the ramp.

"I thought you would have left by now. It's been a little while." She shook her head and continued to read her magazine. Randy walked up to where she was sitting and sat down. "Umm, I am kind of new to doing this but, would you like to come with me to a party already underway?" She looked up and noticed Randy's eyes. They were almost an angelic white with a black pupil. She thought that she could stare into his eyes forever.

She put the magazine down and moved even closer to him. "Have you ever, well, no I shouldn't. I mean I don't even know you that well." Randy looked puzzled. "What are you talking about?" She grabbed Randy's hand and they're fingers inter laced. "Let's go to this party. I mean if you really want me to go with you that is." Randy smiled again and the two walked over to the party.

The rest of the "night" was spent eating cake, telling stories, arm wrestling and other forms of tests. Randy and the rest of his squad went over to the bean bag chairs, sat there and talked to one another. Chris and Jesse got into a debate over how to put someone in a headlock and started to get into a small fight and both came out laughing. All of the girls sat together and talked about, well whatever girls talk about.

Randy sat in the chair whittling a piece of wood. He had been working

on this since he left the training grounds with Sergeant Ewell. It looked like on of the wolves he learned about with the rest of his family. It was looking rather good except the roaring flames coming off of the wolves paws and back.

Randy got up and went over to the arm wrestling and waited to have a go. So far one of the girls in the group had managed to beat thirteen boys and planned on taking the rest out. She went through another four or five guys and it was Randy's turn. The rest of the group came over.

The two of them were there for almost an hour. Randy hadn't even broken a sweat. Every now and again he would push a little and he arm would fall to the table. She continued to put all of her might into one last push. Every one watching was amazed at this feat. She was tired and Randy slowly and gently put her hand to the table. The crowd cheered. Randy and Elise stood up and they shook hands. Randy went to the cooler and got her a bottle of water.

Randy went back over with his group to sit on the bean bag chairs again but instead he stopped. "I feel like running. Ill see you all later im going to go to the gym." No one minded. Randy slowly walked to the gym thinking about all the people he'd killed. He stopped and remembered that if he didn't maybe he would have to face worse and that it was for a better cause. He threw it out of his head and started running. To him it seemed kind of slow so he picked up the pace.

The speedometer on his wrist noted he was going at about 32 miles an hour. He sped up and the speedometer started to pick up pace. Still to slow. He started to sprint. The speedometer now read eighty six miles an hour. He started to slow down. He felt a little better. He moved over to the zero gee side of the gym and started to lift some weights. Brittany came in and walked over to him.

"Oh my god! You're lifting almost a thousand pounds." Randy put the beam down. "I wondered why it felt a little light." She was amazed at this for a minute or two while Randy added a what looked like from her position another six hundred pounds. He got back on the bench again and it was still to light.

He gave it up and went over to the punching back and jumped in the air and kicked it. It snapped off its hinges and slammed into the wall and caused the wall to crack. He sat down next to Brittany and sighed. "Every thing has changed so much. Every thing I liked to do I can do with easy like im the "world's strongest man" in a baby's crib.

Brittany patted his shoulder and started to massage his shoulders. Randy grabbed her hand and he felt the smoothness of her hand. It was so soft and silky. He pulled his hand back and looked at his hand. It was battle scarred and burnt from fighting and training. It was rough and very rugged.

Randy stood up and looked at Brittany. "Do youâ€¦". He stumbled for the words. He had no idea as to why he was so nervous. "Do you think im normal?" She looked destroyed. "Of course I do. I think you can, and are as normal as everyone else. Except not every one else can lift 1700 pounds. But other than that you are normal. You're normal to me." Randy smiled. "Thank you."

The two of them walked around the track for a while and talked about what they did before the military. Randy kept on listening. He learned that she volunteered at the age of sixteen and has been here ever since. He learned a lot more. When it was his turn he hesitated. If he told her she might freak out. If he lied to her it would make it worse later.

When I was six years old, the USMC started a program. It was called the Spartan program. All of us Spartans were trained and raised to fight. At age twelve we got our com locators. When we were seventeen we all had some bio-augmentations. A year later we had the rest of the augmentations. Now we are super fast, strong, smart, all of our senses were increase tenfold.

These kinds of stories went on for a couple hours while the two of them walked around the track. One of the higher trained military soldiers came in. The ODS (Orbital Drop Shock Troopers), these men and women were trained to jump from ships and take hell into battle with them. Their saying in the ODS's barracks is "Take a leap into hell feet first for heaven waits for no one!"

The ODS walked over to the bench where Randy was. He lifted the bar and it came flying down onto his sternum. Randy sprinted over and lifted the bar off of him. When he pulled it off the ODS, there was a large black and blue line across his chest where the bar lay. He got up and rubbed his chest. He stood up and moved over to Randy. Randy put his arm out and put Brittany behind him. "Who was the god damn moron to put the weight setting that high?!" Randy just looked at the little soldier. "Well, it is true. They manufacture you Spartans retarded huh?" Randy got smacked in the face with insults for two minutes. "You know what? I came over to help and apologize. You open your mouth again I might have to make you not able to open it again."

Randy said this and seven other O.D.S.'s came in. The one in front of Randy smiled. "Well, well, well. Let's test that. Get in the ring." He said this and pointed to the fighting ring in the center of the gym. Randy walked over with the O.D.S.'s surrounding him. He looked around and counted them all. He noticed that some of them had weapons. Pipes, chains, and brass knuckles.

One of the men behind Randy swung the pipe and Randy ducked. He lifted his leg up and into the assailant's abdomen. The man flew into the turn-buckle and fell to the ground. Another moved and swung a chain on his back. He stood up and grabbed the man's face. It was scarred with battle wounds. Randy's thumb and middle finger continued to squeeze into the man's temples. He let go and the man fell to the ground bleeding from the ears.

The original ODS came up behind Randy and started to punch his solid ribs. The man broke at least four fingers. Randy turned around and used all of his strength and flung his knuckles into the top of the man's head. He fell down to the ground with a broken neck. Randy stopped to realize what he was doing. He looked over to the side of the ring and saw Brittany with her face locked with horror at what he could do.

Randy looked over to the gym's doors and saw one person he really wanted to see. It was Sergeant Ewell. When he did this one of the men

took the pipe and cracked Randy in the back of the head. Randy turned around and all of the remaining men came in and charged. Randy jumped up and swung his leg towards them and they all fell over. Randy clicked on the com for the ship. Get a medic over to the gym. Possible fatalities, injuries noted." He finished saying this and he crawled out of the ring over to Brittany.

"I want you to meet the man who change my entire life." He guided her cautiously over to the doors. Randy saluted the sergeant. Each of them smiled and shook hands. "How you been without me?" asked the very excited sergeant. "Well, we have been through hell and came back with the devils children Sir. But other than that I've been good. We haven't lost one Spartan in battle yet and we have been expanding the group even more because of you training more of us." Randy smiled at the sergeant who also was smiling. "God it's good to see you serge. Oh ya, this is Brittany. She helped us with the Joseph Garvilo mission." The sergeant nodded and said hello.

The sergeant frowned then said "It's been good to see you again but actually im here on a favor. I've been asked to have you come back to reach with me. Your brother has been in an accident. He went to battle and he saved over thirty men's lives. A covenant scum threw one of our less lethal grenades at the group and he jumped on top of it. He has had a kidney and his right leg wiped completely from his body. We can fix him but he wants to see you first." Randy started to object to this but kept his mouth shut and nodded. "I just have to check with Colonel Mendez. "Its already been arranged. All you have to do is board the ship."

He looked hesitant. "My team Sir. I can't leave without them. Besides, we Spartans prefer it on the ground. We have a couple days of vacation. I'm sure they'd like to come help you on Reach. If you don't mind Sir." "Of course I don't. But that we might need confirmation."

Randy clicked on the com. "Colonel Mendez, permission to take abroad my team." A moment of silence washed over the com. "Permission granted." Ok sir, let me get my team together and we'll get moving." Mendez smiled. "You have seven minutes. Double Time!" They both laughed and Randy went to get his team ready.

Randy clicked on his team's com channel. "Everyone, gather your materials. Were going to Reach for a couple of days. You have five minutes to get ready and down to gate 4. Move it!" Every one was ready and had all of their materials at the gate. Randy took the longest on account that he had to carry Brittany and her personal effects so they could get there in time.

When every one was at the launch bay they all got on the pelican and headed out for the other ship. When the pelican landed inside the bay and the pressurizing was finished the command to enter slim stream was issued. The ship jolted from the amount of speed that they just gained. Every one went to the beds assigned to them. When they got all of their materials put in they all went to the mess hall. It had been almost two days since they all last eaten.

The trip was supposed to take about a couple of days. Every one didn't loosen up since then. Every one trained even harder. Chris broke his old speed. He was at one hundred and sixteen miles per hour. He now did one hundred and twenty three mile per hour. Jason

learned how to shoot a rocket launcher and many other assortments of weapons.

Randy continued his strength training and found a new knife. It wasn't a knife, it was a sword made of concentrated heated plasma. This was as a complement on account of Colonel Mendez. Jesse had learned of telekinesis. He had been practicing for almost a year. Over this little vacation he had bent about seventeen spoons and two-titanium a battle plate sheets. These sheets of titanium were almost a half a foot thick.

Every one was curious about this but left it alone because it could be useful in battle. Andrea learned the covenants language. Not perfect but enough to know when they were attacking in flanks. Brittany was taken to the surgical room. Colonel Mendez took out a super locked case and opened it. She took out a needle and inserted it into Brittany's arm. Brittany shook around like an animal getting eaten alive.

The next couple of days went by in agony for her. Her muscle mass had increased. She was a miniature form the real Spartans but she had the strength, speed, reflexes, and senses of a Spartan. The only thing she didn't have was a com link.

Every one was tired from the training on the ship. The ship jolted as it exited slip stream. "Every one gather your belongings and get to starboard pelican bay. We will be leaving in six minutes and twenty three seconds." The ships AI said this and every one scurried for their materials. In around four minutes and twelve seconds every one was ready and standing near the docked pelican. "All aboard." Randy said this and entered the ship.

The ship filled and set off. In a matter of twelve minutes the ship touched down on Reach. Every one was ordered off the pelican in a single row. The leader of this group was Randy followed by Jason, Chris, Michelle, Jesse, and the rest of the group.

End  
file.